

# De La Soul Lyrics

## "Long Island Degrees"

*[Verse One: Maseo]*

It's strong island for real, where the critters run wild  
the prefix is 516, the top of the dial  
through the L.I. Sound, to the villa down under  
and across the globe I heard a lot of folks wonderin'  
so when's it coming 'cause the stakes is high see big money that waves  
don't put the pen to my page  
and ain't nothin' wrong with standing still and relaxing  
and spendin' some of that cash that Uncle Sam is gonna tax  
a New York demeanor is sit back in the beamer  
with nothing to lose but some gas and some minutes  
ignorin' the gazers 'cause some stars don't get petty  
and that trash you talk is just New Years confetti  
it's like that y'all, but that's all 'bout to change  
like some of my own, people tend to act strange  
i'm making a scene, and it's served with it's capabilities  
so set it at an island's degrees

*[Posdanous:]*

It's strong island for real, the diagnosis is supreme  
the prefix is 516, where microphones fiend  
the voices that gots the gift, 'cause the world is on their shoulders  
makein' plans to switch from little rock to money boulders  
the real proceed  
my girl stands deep from nubians actin' like Columbians sellin' keys  
characters have the tendency to con themselves  
to think the East Coast is only New York and Philadelph  
you know the way we blow, your shit is played like pork  
and as for what we be bringin' you, we live and direct from New York  
I oughta say my fam causes commercs.  
steppin' to me fool will get you punched out like a curse  
it's like that y'all, let it all consume  
like them brothas who smoke, 'till they high like the moon  
soon to a town near you be them super emcees  
settin' them Long Island degrees

*[Maseo:]*

I hit the L.I.R.R. for big dreamers out east  
and get your bank roll split  
bangin' dents out your systems  
sellin' points to get the uppercut like Sonny Liston  
but eyes closed episodes  
bring you back to zeroes  
the same herp playin' like he Casablanca  
blind to it, but I'm a grind him up a cup of Sanka  
servin' dimes loves on tennis courts and sorts  
laid back like grown folks sippin' tea for sport

*[Posdanous:]*

I be sweepin' up the room with my lyrical broom  
while others rhymes smell like plastic like some lunch room utensil  
the official color for this planet is green  
which grows in pockets of them people willing to scheme  
an't no expose, these facts are from the mouth  
profilin' through Island with that wind from down south  
at last, be the world broad cast from the crew who gave you 3's  
magic on an island degrees

*[Maseo:]*

it's strong island for real where the critters smoke fritters  
night time excites time for the heavy hitters  
gang on hers 'cause in the mean time mine is home on date  
fluffin' pillows impatiently waitin' ain't no debatin'  
'Bout to settle, check the level stakes is high as the sky  
I got questions about your life if you so ready to die  
we in the last quarter y'all, somebody's gonna cry  
I think they need to set the clock before the time pass by

*[Posdanous:]*

In the round one no nines my size can get swelly  
sensing danger I will play a ranger on my celly with my felly  
we're wonderful like colorful flix  
provide a thread and needle every time the stages get ripped  
I grip upon the pleasure sippin' the tea  
on the island 'cause that island is the main artery  
so uh, you better come and give respect for catch some of these  
knucks from the island degrees